

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

# A MESSAGE FROM MOTHER.

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I had a message from mother, this morning,  
It filled my sad heart with joy!  
It brought me glad tidings of home and from loved ones,  
She's not forgot her boy.  
She says they are lonely, and watch for my coming,  
Back to the old home again;  
I will be greeted with joy and with gladness,  
For they all love me the same.

CHORUS.

I had a message from mother this morning,  
It filled my sad heart with joy;  
It brought me glad tidings of home and from loved ones,  
She's not forgotten her boy.

I had a message from mother this morning,  
And all the loved ones at home;  
They ask me to come back once more to the homestead,  
Never again from it to roam;  
Often my heart turns to scenes of my childhood,  
Bright happy days of my youth,  
To the old school and the church on the hillside,  
Where I was taught love and truth.

CHORUS.

I had a message from mother this morning,  
It filled my sad heart with joy;  
It brought me glad tidings of home and from loved ones,  
She's not forgotten her boy.

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**A. W. AUNER'S  
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